Here after followeth a litle boke called Colyn Clout compiled by master Skelton Poete Laureate.

Quis consurgat mecum aduersus malignãtes? aut quis stabit mecum aduersus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo domine.

What can it auayle
To dryue forth a snayle
Or to make a sayle:
Of an herynges tayle
To ryme or to rayle
To wryte or to indyte
Eyther for delite
Or els for to despite
Or bookes to compile
Of dyuers maner style
Vyce to reuile
And synne to exyle
To teache or to preache
As reason wyll reache
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat
He wotteth neuer what
Nor wherof he speaketh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters

He medles and he ſwatters
He gloſes and he flatters
Or if he ſpeake plaine
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to ſcoole
A three fóted ſtoole
That he may downe ſyt
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It ſtandeth in no ſtede
The Deuyll they ſay is dead
The Deuyll is dead.

It may wel ſo be
Or els they wold ſee
Otherwiſe and flee
From worldly vanitie
And foule couetouſnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falſeneſſe
Varyableneſſe

with vnstableneſſe.

And if ye ſtand in dout
Who brought this ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I purpoſe to ſhake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my rime be ragged
Tattered and iagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Ruſty and moothe eaten
If ye talke well therewyth
It hath in it ſome pith
For as farre as I can ſee
It is wrong with eche degree
For the temporalty
Accuſeth the ſpiritualty
The ſpirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon the temporall men
Thus eche of other blother
The tone againſt the tother

Alaſſe

Alas they make me ſhoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben ſo haut
They ſay, and loke ſo hye
As though they wold flye
Aboue the ſterry ſky

I Lay men ſay in dede
How they take no hede
Their ſely ſhepe to fede
But plucke away and pul
The fleces of their wull
Unnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for their conning
A glumming and a mummyng
And make therof a tape
They gaſpe and they gape
All to haue promocyon
There is their whole deuocyon
With money if it will hap
To catch the forked cap

For ſoth

For soth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd

¶ What trowe ye they say more
Of the byshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herken Jacke and Gyl
Whan they put vp a bil
And iudge it as they wyl
For other mens skil
Expounding out their clauses
And leaue theyr own causes
In their pryncipal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But Ire and venire
And sol fa, so a lamire
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their iurisdictions
Through temporall afflictions

Men

Men say they haue prescriptions
Against ỳ spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions.
¶ And whiles the heades doe thys
The remnaunt is a mis
The remnaunt is a mys
Of the clergy all
Both great and smal
I wot neuer how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
Bysshoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe
But slumbre forth and slepe
And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles
To fat theyr bodyes ful
Their soules lame and dul
And haue ful litle care
How euil their shepe fare

¶ The temporalitysay plain

How

How bil shoppes disdain
Sermons for to make
Or such labour to take
And for to say trouth
A great part is ful slouth
But the greatest part
Is for they haue but small art
And right slender cunning
Within their heades wunning
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure
And yet that is a pleasure
How be it some there bee
Almost two or three
Of that dignity
Full worshipfull Clerkes
As appeareth by their werkes
Like Aaron and Ure
The wolfe from the doore
To wary and to kepe
From their goostly shepe

And.

And their spiritual lammes
Sequestred from rammes
And from the berded Gotes
With their hery cotes
Set nought by gold ne grotes
Their names if I durst tel.

¶ But they are lothe to mel
And lothe to hang the bel
About the cattes necke
For dred to haue a checke
They are fain to play, deuz deck
How be it they are good men
Much harted lyke an hen
Their lessons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia
Spernit damna spernit opprobria
Nulla Thomam frangit iniuria
But now euery spiritual father
Wen say they had rather
Spende mirthe of their ware
Than to be combred with care

Spend

Spende, naye but ſpare
For let ſee who that dare
Shoe the mockiſh mare
They make her winche and kicke
But it is not worthe a leeke
Boldneſſe is to ſeeke
The churche for to defende
Take me as I intende
For lothe I am to offende
In thys that I haue pende.
I tell you as men ſay
Amend whenye may
For vſque ad montem fare
Men ſay ye cannot appare
For ſome ſay ye huntinparkes
And Hauke on hobby Larkes
And other wanton warkes
Whan the night darkes.

What hath lay men doe
The gray goſe for to ſhoe
Like hounds of hell
They cry and they yell

How

How that ye ſell
The grace of the holy goſt
Thus they make their boſt
Through euery coſt
How come of you do eat
In Lenton ſeaſon fleſh meat
Feſauntes Partriche and cranes
Men call you therfore prophanes
Ye picke no ſhrympes nor pranes
Saltfiſh, Stockfiſh nor Herring
It is not for your wearing
Nor in holy Lenton ſeaſon
Ye wil neither Beanes ne Peaſon!
But ye looke to be let looſe
To a pygge or to a Gooſe
your gorge not endewed
Without a Capon ſtewed
Or a ſtewed Cocke
Under her ſurfled ſmocke
And her wanton wodicocke

And how whan ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders

As

As at ſicientes
Some are in ſufficientes
Some parum ſapientes
Some nichil intelligentes
Some valde negligentes
Some nullum ſenſum habentes
But beſtially and vntaught
But whan thei haue once caught
Dominus vobiſcum by the hed
Than renne they in euery ſtede
God wot with dronken nolles
Yet take they cures of ſoules
And woteth neuer what they rede
Pater noſter nor Crede
Conſtrue not worth a whiſtle
Nether goſpel nor pyſtle
Their Mattins madly ſayd
Nothyng deuoutly prayd
Their learning is ſo ſmall
Their prymes and houres fall
And lept out of their lippes
Lyke ſawduſt or dry chippes
I ſpeake not now of al

But

But the moste parte in generall
Of such vacabundus
Speaketh totus Mundus
How some syng letabundus
At euery ale stake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that God brake
I am sory for your sake
I speake not of the good wife
But of theyr Apostles lyfe
Cum ipsis vell illis
Qui manent in villis
Est vxor vel ancilla
Welcome Iacke and Gilla
My prety Petronylla
And you wyl be stylla
You shal haue your wylla
Of such Pater noster pekes
All the world speakes.

¶ In you the faut is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion

In

Intonning and conuersacion
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A preest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A Mattocke or a Rake
Alas for very shame
Some can not declyne theyr name
Some can not scarsly rede
And yet wyll not drede
For to kepe a cure
And in nothing is sure
This dominus vobiscum
As wyse as Tom a thrum
A chaplayne of trust
Layth all in the dust

¶ Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about
And wandryng as I walke
I heare the people talke

Men

Men say for syluer and Gold
Miters are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a Crose
But a full purse
A straw for goddes curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniake
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of Symony men say
But a childes play

☞ Ouer this the forsayd lay
Report how the Pope may
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a bysshop make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a Mule
With gold all betrapped
In purple and paule be lapped

Some

Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to they⁊ great paynes
In Rotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as mo⁊owes mylke
Their tabertes of fine silke
Their stirops of mixt gold begared
There may no cost be spared
Their Moyles Golde doth eate
They⁊ neyghbours dye fo⁊ meat.

What care they though Gill sweat
O⁊ Jacke of the Noke
The po⁊e people they yoke
With Sompons and Citacions
And excommunications
About churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full sokt doth syt
This is a fearful syt
To heare the people iangle
How wately they wrangle
Alas why do ye not handle

And them all mangle
Full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you ascry
And say as vntruely
As the butterflye
A man might say in mocke
Ware the wether Cocke
Of thee steple of Poules
And thus they hurt their soules
In slaunderyng you for truth
Alas it is great ruthe
Some say ye sit in trones
Like prynces aquilons
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and pretious stones
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For prestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delayd
The commune welth decayd
Men say ye are tunge tayde
And therof speake nothyng

But

But dissimuling and glosing
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel
By polling and pillage
In cities and village
By taxing and tollage
ye haue monkes to haue ꝑ culerage
For couering of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of dottage
Tenure parseruice de sottage
And not parseruice de socage
After olde segnyours
And the learning of litlet̄on tenours
ye haue so querthwarted
That good lawes are subuerted
And good reason peruerted

¶ Religious men are fayne
For to turne agayne
In secula seculorum
And to forsake their corum

And vacabundare per forum
And take a fyne metitorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monacorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucikerorum
And to lyng from place to place
Lyke apostataas
And the selfsame game
Begon and now with shame
Amongest the sely Nunnes
Mylady now she runnes
Dame Sybly our Abbesse
Dame Dorothe and lady Besse
Dame Sare our Priores
Out of theyr cloyster and queere
With an heavy cheere
Must cast vp their blacke vayles
And set vp their fucke sayles
To catch wind with their ventayles
What Colin theres thou shales
yet thus with yll hayles

The

¶ And all they lay
In youꝛ prelates and ſay
ye do wꝛong and no ꝛight
¶ To put them thus to ſlight
No Matins at midnight
Boke and chalis gone quite
Plucke away the leades
Ouer theyꝛ heades
And ſel away theyꝛ bels
And al they that haue els
Thus the people tels
Rayles lyke rebels
Rede ſhꝛewdly and ſpels
And with foundacions mels
And talke lyke titiuelles
How ye bꝛeake the deades wils
¶ Turn monaſteris into water mils
Of an Abbay they make a graunge
your wokes they ſay are ſtraunge
So that theyꝛ founders ſoules
Haue loſt theyꝛ beadroules

The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses
The Diriges are forgotten
Their founders lye there rotten
But where theyr soules dwel
Therwith I wil not mel
What could the Turke do more
Wyth al hys false lore
Turke, Sarazyn or Jew
I report me to you

O merciful Jesu
you support and rescite
My stile for to directe
It may take some effect
For I abhorre to wryte
How the laye fee dispite
youprelates that of right
Should be lanternes of light
ye liue they say in delyte
Drowned in delicijs
In gloria et diuicijs
Into admirabile honore

In

In gloria et splendore
Fulgurantes haste
Viuentes parum caste
yet swete meat hath soure sauce
For after gloria laus
Christ by cruelte
Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redempcyon
He dranke eisel and gall
To redeme vs withall
But swete Ipocras ye drynke
With let the Cat winke
Ich wot what eche other thynke
How be it per assimule
Some men thinke that ye
Shal haue penalty
For your iniquity
Nota what I say
And beare it well away
If it please not theologys
It is good for astrologis
For Ptolome told me

The

The sunne somtime to be
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
Whan Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone
And rule all thinges alone
your teeth whet on this bone
Amongest you euery chone
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Maner of cause to mone
Lay salue to your own sore
For els, as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce
Sory therfore am I
But trouth can neuer lye

¶ With language thus poluted
Holy church is bruted
And shamefully confuted
My pen now wyll I sharpe

And

And wrest vp my harpe
With sharp twinking trebels
Against al such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the church to the ground
As ye may daily see
Howe the Laye fee
Of one affinitee
Consente and agree
Agaynste the Churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the byshoppes fee
¶ And eyther ye be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to report
But vnder your support
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wryte and saye
And ye shal do the same
Howthey are to blame
you thus to diffame
For it maketh me sad
Howthat the people are glad

The church to depraue
And some there are that raue
Presuming on their wit
Whan there is neuer a whit
To maintain argumentes
Against the sacramentes

Some make epilogacion
Of high predestitacion
And of residenacion
They make interpretacion
Of an aquard facion
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what Ypostatis
Of Christes manhode is
Suche logike men wyl chop
And in their fury hop
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their foze top
Both women and men
Such ye may wel know and ken
That agayn presthode

Their malice spred abrode
Railing hainously
And disdainously
Of prie stly dignities
But their malignities

¶ And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke
And a brenning sparke
Of Luthers warke
And are somwhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and Carpe
Of that Heresy art
Called wicleuista
The Deuelish dogmatists
And some be hussians
And some be Arrians
And some be pollegians
And make much barians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporalty

Powe

How the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bryng him in maiertalities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They commune like lottes
As cometh to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathereth vp the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many out cryes
They cannot kepe theyr wiues
From them for theyr liues
And thus the losels striues
And lewdly sayes by Chryst
Agaynst the sely priest
Alas and wel away
What ayles them thus to say
They mought be better aduysed

Then

Then to be disgised
But they haue enterpryled
And shamefully surmised
How prelacy is sold and boughte
And come vp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of lowe degre
And set in matesty
And spiritual dignity
Farwel benignity
Farwel simplicity
Farwel humility
Farwel good charity

ye are so puffed with pryde
That no man may abide
your high and lordly lokes
ye cast vp then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye wyll be wroken
Of euery light quarel
And call a Lord a iauel
A knight a knaue to make

ye boste, ye face, ye crake
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser
And if you may haue layser
ye bryng all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the Lordes temporall
Their rule is verye small
Almost nothing at al
Wen say how ye appal
The noble bloud royal
In ernest and in game
ye are the lesse to blame
For Lordes of noble bloud
If they wel vnderstand
How conning might them auaunce
They wold pype you another daūce
But noble men borne
To learne they haue scorne
But hunt and blow an horne
Leape ouer lakes and dikes
Set nothing by politikes
Therfore ye kepe them bace

And

And mocke them to their face
This is a pitious case
To you that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and kneele
And breake their hose at the knees
As daily men may see
And to remembraunce cal
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall.
What I tel you more, ye shal
I am lothe to tel al
But the communalty ye call
Idols of Babylon
De terra Babylon
De terra Neptalym
For you louse to go trim
Brought vp of poore estate
Wyth pryde inordinate
Sodaynly vpstart
From the dong cart
The Wattockes and the shule
To reygne and to rule

And

And haue no grace to thinke
How they were wont to drynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knauish stoppel
Whan mamockes was your meat
With mould breade to eat
ye wold none other geat
To chew and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the straw
Couching your drouly heades
Somtime in lousy beddes
Alas this is out of mind
ye grow now out of kind
Many one haue but wind
And make the commons blind
But quise existimat stare
Let him well beware
Least that his fote slip
And haue such a trip
And false in such decay
That al the world might say
Come down on the deuils way

¶ Yet ouer all that
Of bilshops they chat
That though ye rounde your heare
An ynche aboue your eare
And aures patentes
And parum intendentes
And your courlers be trapped
your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentor mentiris
That ye can not espie
They folow your desyres
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wryte

¶ Alàs for gods wil
Why e sytte ye Prelates styl
And suffer all this yll
ye Bysshoppes of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates
For your spirituall charge

And conforte at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sighte
In pulpettes antentike
For the wele publike
Of prieſthod in this cale
And alwayes to chale
Suche manner of ſiſmatikes
And halfe heretikes
That wold intoxicate
That wold conquinate
That wold contamininate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The church high eſtates
After this manner rates
The why:he ſhoulde be
Bothe franke and free
And haue their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratefyed
And alſo gratefyed

By holy ſinodals
And buls papals
As it is res certa
Conteygned in magna Carta.

☞ But maiſter Damyan
Or ſome other man
That clerkely is, and can
Wel ſcripture expound
And textes grounde.
His benefice worth ten pound
Or ſkant worth twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He muſt do this werke
As I know apart
Some mayſters of Art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other ſaw
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the pore degree
Of the vniuerſitie
Or elſe Frere Fredericke

Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulinus
Or frere Agustinus
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
Or elsse if we maye
Get a frere Graye
Or elsse of the order
Uppon Grenewiche border
Called obseruaunce
And a frere of Fraunce
Or elsse the poore scot
It muste come to hys lot
To shote forth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery
To postell vpon a kyry
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture should be coted
And so clerkly promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say

But your authority

And

And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be inprynted better
Then all the Freres letter
For if ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were neuer so playne
With clauses two or three
So as they mighte be
Compendiously conueyed
These wordes should be more weid
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people playne
That wolde your wordes retayne
And reherse them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
That blaber, barke and blether
And make a Walshmans hose
Of the text and of the glose

¶ For protestation made

That I wyl not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye
Either analogice
Or els rathagorice
So that in diuinitee
Doctors that learned be
Nor bacheleꝛs of that facultie
That hath taken degre
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be obiected for me.

¶ But doctour bullatus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctoratus
At the brode gatus
Doctour daupatus
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house

Taketh

Taketh his pillion and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wyne
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine
As wise as waltons calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnly
Wore meet in a pillory
For by saynt Hillary
He can nothyng smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther silogisare
Nor of emptimentiare.
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence

And yet he wil mel
To amend the Gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel neuen

What

What they do in heauen
Nor how far temple bare is
From the seuen sterres

Nowe wyll I goe
And tell of other moe
Semper protestandoe
De non impugnandoe
The foure orders of fryers
thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiters at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryer God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatterynge for a newe cote
And for to haue hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to leese
Eyther Corne or Wault
Sometime Meale and Sault
Sometime a bacon flicke
that is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace

Their couent to encrace

I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerye and to Maude
Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the law
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But it is and old sayd saw
That neede hathe no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some wil neither golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle

Wil

Will know a Rauen from a rayle
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Againste Curates repine
And say propter thei are sacerdotes
To shrye, assoyle and reles
Dame margeries soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing him self therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout

Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiuit de paradiso
When they again thether shall com
De hoc petimus consilium
And through all the world they go
With Dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand

All

Al maner of abiections
For bisshops haue protections
They say to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd dyrections
In such maner of cases
Men say they beare no faces.
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
Their hartes are so fayntes
And they be so attaynted
With coueitous and ambicion
And other superstician
That they be deafe and dum
And play scylens and glum
Can say nothing but mum.

¶ They occupy theim so
With singing placebo
They wyl no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their worldly ease
Than to take on hand

☞ Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The laye men call them barelles
Full of glotonye
And of hipocrisye
The counterfaytes and painets
As they were verye saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grauitie
And syg nyorytie
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of theyr predyall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set

All

All is fyche that cometh to the net
Building royally
Theyr mencions curiously
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boures
Stretching to the starres
With glasse windowes and barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles
Arras of ryche araye
Fresshe as floures in Maye
Wyth dame Dyana naked
Howe lustye Uenus quaked
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
For to shote a Crowe
At her tyrly tyrlowe
And howe Parys of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the Queene
With such storyes by deen
Their chambres well be seen

With

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name

How all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chares
Conueyed by Olyphantes
With Lauriat garlantes
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding
With wanton wenches winking
Now truly to my thinking
That is a speculacion
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonnes
Their chambre thus to dres
With such parketnes
And all such holynes

Dewe

How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral

¶ Squire knight and Lord
Thus the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne against the steeple
Thus talkinge and tellinge
Howe some of you are mellynge
yet softe and fayre for swellyng
Beware of a queanes yelling
It is a bely thing
For one man to rule a king
Alone and make rekening
To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And whan he weneth to syt
yet may he mysse the quischon
For I rede a prepoſition
Sum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominare

Et

Et ſuprate prauare
Wherfore he hathe good vſe
That can him ſelf aſſure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reaſon you ſuppoꝛt
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That we kepe them ſo vnder
yet they meruayle ſo muche leſſe
For ye play ſo at the cheſſe
As they ſuppoſe and geſſe
That ſome of you but late
Hath played ſo checkmate
With Lordes of great eſtate
After ſuch a rate
That they ſhall mell noꝛ make
Noꝛ vpon them take
For king noꝛ Kayſer ſake
But at the pleaſure of one
That ruleth the reſt alone.

Helas, I ſaye Helas
Howe maye thys come to paſſe

That

That a man ſhall heare a maſſe
And not ſo hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of breade
But that the paryſhe clerke
There vpon muſt herke
And graunt him at his aſking
For to ſee the ſacryng

And how may this acord
No man to our ſouerayne Lord
So hardy to make ſute
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the aſſent
Of our preſident
Nor to expreſſe to his perſon
Without your conſentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preace to his preſence
Nor to ſpeake to him ſecretly
Openly nor preuyly
Withoute his preſident be by
Or els his ſubſtitute

Whome he wyl depute
Neyther Earle ne duke
Permitted by ſaynt Luke
And by ſweet ſaynt Marke
This is a wonderous warke
That the people talke this
Somewhat there is amis
the deuil cannot ſtop their mouthes
but they wil talk of ſuch vntouthes
All that euer they ken
Againſt all ſpirituall men.

¶ Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for diſpighte
Or howe euer it happe
Their tounges thus do clap
And through ſuch detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they ſay truely
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lye
Ye know better than I
But now, debetis ſcire

And

And groundlye audite
In your conuenite
Of this prementte
Or els in the myre
They say they wil you cast
Therfore stand sure and fast.

Stand sure and take good fotinge
And let be al your moting
your galing and your toting
And your parciall promoting
Of those that stande in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of their place
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I wryte after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clearkes be
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to wryte
I do it not for no despite
Wherfore take no disdaine

At my ſtile rude and playne
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on me
For thoſe that vertuous be
Haue no cauſe to ſay
That I ſpeake out of the way

¶ Of no good byſchop ſpeake I
Nor good preſt I elery
Good Frere, nor good Chanon
Good Nunne, nor good Canon
Good Monke, nor good Clerke
Nor of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amis
In ſpeaking and rebelling
In hinderyng and diſauailing
Holy church our mother
One againſt another
To vſe ſuch deſpiling
Is all my whole wryting
To hinder no man

As neare as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore should I be blamed
ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be greued
And cannot tell no cause why
But that I wryte truly

¶ Then if any there be
Of high or low degre
Of the spiritualty
Or of the temporalty
That doth thinke or wene
That his conscience be not clene
And feleth hym selfe sycke
Or touched on the quicke
Such grace God them send
Them self to amend
For I wyll not pretend
Any man to offend

¶ Wherfore as thinketh me
Great ydeottes they be

And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depraue
Nor will heare no preaching
Nor no vertuous teachyng
Nor wyll haue no resiting
Of any vertuous wryting
Wil know none intelligence
To reformme their negligence
But liue stil out of faction
To their owne damnacyon
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wold no man shuld theim blame
They haue an euyl name
But yet they wil occupy the same

With them the word of God
Is counted for no rod
They count it for a railing
That nothing is auayling
The preachers with euil hailing.
Shal they daunt vs prelates
That be their prymates?
Not so hardy on their pates

Yerke

Harke how the losel prates
With a wide wesaunte
Auaunt syr Guy of gaunt
Auaunte lewde preest auaunt
Auaunte syr doctoure deuyns
Prate of thy mattens and thi masse
And let our matter passe
How darest thou daucocke mel?
How darest thou losel
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel
Auaunt to the deuil of hel

I Take him warden of the Flete
Set him fast by the fete
I say lyuetenaunt of the toure
Make this lurden for to lour
Lodge him in litle ease
Fede him wyth Beanes and Pease
the kinges bench or Marchalsy
Haue him thether by and by
the villaine preacheth openly
And declareth our villany

And

And of our free simpleneſſe
He ſayes that we are recheleſſe
And full of wylfulneſſe
Shameles, and mercules
Incorrigible and inſaciate
And after this rate
Againſt vs doth prate

At Paules croſſe or els where
Openly at Weſtminſtere
And ſaynt Mary ſpittel
They ſet not by vs a whiſtel
At the Auſten fryers
They count vs for lyers

And at ſayut Thomas of Akers
They carpe vs lyke crakers
How we wyl rule al at wil
Without good reaſon or ſkyll
And ſay how that we be
Full of parcialitie
And how at a mouge
We turne right into wrong

Delay

Delay cauſes ſo longe
That right no man can long
They ſay many matters be borne
By the right of a rammes horne
Is not this a ſhameful ſcorne?
To be teared thus and torne.

How may we thus indure
Wherfore we make you ſure
ye preachers ſhalbe pawde
Some ſhalbe ſawde
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was
And ſome of you ſhall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy
Some hanged ſome ſlayn
Some beaten to the brayne
And we will rule and rayne
And our matters maintaine
Who dare ſay there agayne
Or who dare diſdaine
At your pleaſure and will
For be it good or be it yll

As it is, it shalbe still
For al master doctour of ciuil
Or of diuine, or doctour dryuil
Let him cough, rough or sneuil
Renne God, renne deuil
Renne who may renne best
And let take all the rest
We let not a nut shel
the way to heauen or to hel.

¶ Lo, this is the gise now a dayes
It is to drede men sayes
Least thei be saducies
As they be sayd sayne
Which determine playne
We should not rise agayne
At dreadful domes day
And so it semeth they play
Which hate to be corrected
Whan they be infected
Nor wyl suffre thys boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Drynted for to be

For

For that no man ſhould ſee
Nor rede in any ſcrolles
Of their dronken nolles
Nor of their noddy polles
Nor of theyr ſely ſoules
Nor of ſome witles pates
Of diuers great eſtates
As well as other men
¶ Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to reſt
Me ſemeth it for the beſt.

¶ The fore caſtel of my ſhip
Shall glide and ſmothely ſlip
Out of the waues wode
Of the ſtormye floude
Shote anker and lye at rode
And ſayle not farre a brode
Til the cooſte be clere
That the lode ſtarre appere
My ſhyp now wyl I pere
towarde the port ſalu
Of our ſauiour Jeſu

Such

Such grace that he vs send
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
Whan that his pleasure is.

Amen.

In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

Imprynted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Sunne by Anthony Kytson.